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COLLECTED POEMS

OF

THOMAS E. POPE



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COLLECTED POEMS

OF

THOMAS E. POPE

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BY
MARTHA S. POPE

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FOREWORD

This book has been made in memory of my father, of whom, at his death, it was said, "He was a man of the old school of honor and duty * * * * always true to his convictions and fearless in the expression of his opinions, conspicuous for his honesty and integrity. His religious principles were carried into all his business transactions."

December, 1915

M. S. P.



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RELIGIOUS



ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! the day begins to wane,
And shadows lengthen with approaching eve;
The gloaming soon will spread o'er all the main,
Stay with me, Lord, nor in the darkness leave.

Abide with me! I would not leave Thy side,
At every trembling step I'd feel Thee near,
And when the light fades out at eventide,
Oh, grant Thy presence to comfort and to
cheer.

Abide with me! I stumble in the way,
I can not thread the path, 'tis lone and drear;
Oh, Saviour, lead me, or I go astray,
Oh, Jesus, help me, with the night so near.

Abide with me! Thy blessed word declares,
"I will not leave thee nor forsake thee, child,
In youth and manhood, e'en to hoary hairs,
I will not leave thee in the desert wild."

Abide with me! my Saviour and my God,
I have no refuge from the storm, but Thee;
In life, in death, be Thou my staff and rod,
I'll reach my heaven if Thou abide with me.

SOWING THE SEED

The morning hour is flying,
The noontide now has come,
And soon the pensive twilight
Will call the toiler home.

Oh, work while morning lingers,
Nor in the noontide stay
Thy hand, for vesper shadows
Will quickly end the day.

The Master's voice is calling,
Then speed thee on thy way,
Eternity is dawning,
Oh, hasten to obey.

Seize every golden hour,
Waste not a moment dear,
But fill thy days with sowing,
The precious seed with prayer.

Sow seed beside all waters,
Broadcast it o'er the ground,
And God will add his blessing,
And make the fruit abound.

From seed must come the harvest,
From toil and faith the grain,
From God the sheaves immortal,
And heaven's eternal gain.



HISTORICAL



BLIND BARTIMEUS

'Twas morn in Judea, and banners of light
Were waving along the orient bright,
Like a bashful maiden the stars hied away,
And covered their faces in radiant day.

Adown where the Jordan was rolling along
Her billowy waters in classical song,
The morning, outstretching her magical sheen,
Was flooding with glory the watery scene.

The sun, from his chamber of treasures untold,
Now touches the landscape with fingers of gold;
The woodland lights up, and the plain is bedight
With flashes that stream from his quarries of
light.

The matin's sweet songsters are trilling their lay,
From meadow and treetop, a sweet roundelay:
A medley of praise to the Power above
Who cares for his creatures and crowns them
with love.

All nature is vocal from valley to hill,
From Jericho's palmgrove to whispering rill,
Come breathings that rise as sweet incense on
high,
To welcome this nuptial of earth and of sky.

Old Jericho, famous in story and song,
The refuge and boast of the Canaanite strong;
Ere Israel's Jehovah had smote with his eye
The pride of her leaders, her battlements high.

Though scourged and discrowned she has risen
again,
And gorgeous in sunlight she sits in the plain—
A guard to the gateway, a guide to the road
That leads to Mount Zion, the city of God.

The fathers and mothers of Israel's creed,
The young men and maidens of Abraham's
seed,
With Gentiles, unfettered by orthodox qualms,
Are this morning astir in the City of Palms.

For rumor hath spread, that from Galilee's shore
Jesus of Nazareth is coming once more:
The enigma to Jew, the marvel to Greek,
The matchless and holy, the lowly and meek.

The dwellers in mountain, in upland and glen,
Now anxiously crowd to the highway again,
The grave and the giddy, the rich and the poor,
Have come forth to cavil, to mock, to adore.

By the wayside, in blindness and poverty sore,
A beggar is seated, relief to implore,
Who, hearing the tumult that rose on the air,
Inquired the meaning of those who were near.

“’Tis Jesus of Nazareth who is now passing
by—”

It thrilled him with hope as he heard the reply,
And raising to heaven his lustreless eyes,
And lifting his voice to the Saviour he cries.

His cry for compassion is heard by the throng,
Who try by their jeering to silence his tongue,
But he with more ardor continues his plea:
“Thou son of King David, have mercy on me.”

The ear ever open and ready to catch
The prayer of earth’s meanest and lowliest
wretch,
Now hears the loud wail of the mendicant blind;
He halts in his journey—O, wondrous and kind!

He calls for the sightless and hears his request,
He touches his eyeballs, when sweetest and best,
The day-dawn of Heaven, immortal and bright,
Now breaks on his spirit, now gleams on his
sight.

Bartimeus, transported, then follows his Lord,
To tell of his mercy, and feast on his word;
Above him the heavens transcendently shine,
And the highway is robed with a glory divine.

No wonder he follows—he cannot refrain,
A heart warm and grateful, his footsteps con-
strain—

Up the steep of the mountains he lovingly
pressed,
Till Jesus was welcomed to Bethany's rest.

O, thou, that didst pour on Bartimeus the day,
Illumine our orbs with thy heavenly ray;
Dispel the thick gloom of the sin-covered soul,
And through these dark chambers thy radi-
ance roll.

One gleam of thy smile, one glance of thine eye,
The light shall appear, the shadows shall fly;
And we, like Bartimeus reclaimed from the
night,
Shall sing of the raptures of glorified sight.

NATURE



EVENING IN THE CATOCTIN VALLEY

The golden sun is setting,
And with his beams is fretting
Hill and dale;
And on the fields of clover
His jeweled spangles hover
Like a veil.

No earthly artist clever,
E'er wrought in high endeavor
Such a scene,
As dying sun is sketching
On field and wood outstretching,
With his sheen.

He decks Catoctin's tower,
Where play the bolt and shower,
With his dyes;
And ether's realms he fringes
With gold and scarlet tinges,
Ere he dies.

But see, the sun has vanished,
His fervid glow is banished
From the hill;
And pensive evening shadows
Are stealing o'er the meadows
And the rill.

The mountain sides grow bluer,
As loving friends grow truer
 At the eve;
And twilight tints the fairest,
Like earthly dreams the rarest,
 Quickly leave.

The bee has left the flower,
The bird has sought the bower
 For the night;
And hushed the lowing cattle,
And ceased the reaper's rattle
 Till the light.

As nature sweetly slumbers,
The soul, attuned by numbers
 From on high,
Mounts up with faith supernal
And looks on scenes eternal
 In the sky.

SUNSET AND NIGHT BENEATH THE CATOCTIN MOUNTAIN

The glory of the sunset bright
Still lingers on Catoctin's height;
While far above, on ether's breast
Entrancing shapes of beauty rest.

Imperial purple, softest green,
And blue and white of stainless sheen,
With varied tints of gorgeous dye
Combine to paint this world on high.

Beneath the tall and dizzy steep
The lengthening shades of twilight creep,
The mountain sides grow bluer still
And fades the light upon the hill.

As darker grows the dusky wood,
The moping owl, in plaintive mood
Sends through the solemn aisles her call
For absent mate in forest hall.

The daylight noises fainter grow,
The distant herd has ceased its low,
The bird has sought its downy nest,
And "home, sweet home" allures to rest.

And save the ripple of the rill,
The weird, sad note of whippoorwill,
The rustle of the leafy trees
That tussle with the truant breeze.

No sounds break on the listening ear,
And lulled the throbbing pulse of care:
And weirdly now the Ebon Queen
Lets down her mantle o'er the scene.

Mysterious night! beneath thy sway
We turn our thoughts from garish day,
Beneath thy touch we raise the sight
To seats of innocence and light.

Mutation, change, and sad decay,
Here mark our ever varying way,
But, changeless still, in beauty rise
The sapphire pillars of the skies.

The vestal stars still brightly shine
As when they came from hands divine:
The Pleiads glow serenely fair,
And old Orion still is there.

Undimmed by age, unchanged by wars
God's own eternal radiant stars:
We turn from earth's dark tears and strife
And fain would pierce thy inner life.

Do cloudless joy and changeless love
Make bright for aye thy home above?
And shall we find in loftier sphere
A home without a cloud or tear?

WINTER THOUGHTS

Snow, snow, snow, from early morn till night,
On ground and roof and steeple tall,
On terraced walk and garden wall
Come down the flakelets white.

Blow, blow, blow, throughout the live-long
day,
The wind has piped his serenade,
And cut with his Damascus blade
The traveler in the way.

Drift, drift, drift, the piles fantastic grow,
And carried by the driving storm,
The bolts are wreathed in every form
Around, above, below.

Help, help, help, oh help God's worthy poor,
Who shiver in the wintry blast
And keep their lone and dreary fast,
And vainly bread implore.

Home, home, home, there is a home with
God,
For those who dry the tears of want,
For those who suffer famine gaunt,
Yet, kiss the chastening rod.

Published in *Light*.

IN MEMORY OF



IN MEMORY OF REV. B. C. FLOWERS

The hoary saint from youth to age
Moved on in Zion's narrow road,
In sunshine clear and tempest's rage
His eye was ever fixed on God.

He often named the sacred spot
Where first his Saviour drew him near,
Shrewsbury Camp was ne'er forgot
While he could tell the story dear.

He never wearied of the tale,
A thousand times he told it o'er,
He spread the news from hill to dale,
He told it to the rich and poor.

For three score years he bore the cross,
The easy burden of his Lord,
And counted all things here but loss,
So he might gain the great reward.

In patient faith he toiled along
As days and months and years rolled by,
And never ceased to sing the song
That breathed of hope beyond the sky.

And when his heart and flesh grew weak,
And wasting age had brought decay,
His tottering footsteps still would seek
God's sacred house to praise and pray.

When earth grew dark, and all around
Seemed lost to ear and sense and sight,
His inner soul, alive to song,
Caught up the notes of love and light.

"Amen!" he said, "Amen!" again,
While "Happy!" trembled on his breath:
Oh, wondrous love! that sweetens pain
And saves His chosen ones in death.

TO MY MOTHER

Thy long and weary strife is done;
Thy home is gained, thy rest begun;
The crown immortal has been won,
The crown of life and glory.

From blushing morn to eve serene,
From youth to age, thy life has been
A life of faith in the unseen,
But ever-present, Saviour.

The skeptic in his cheerless night,
The bigot in his soulless rite;
Ah! where are they in death's stern fight
Beside the armoured Christian?

Can science rare, or wizard art,
Or worldly love such joy impart,
Or bring assurance to the heart
In death's impressive hour?

Celestial faith! to those alone
The secret of thy love is known
Who meekly trust the Sinless Son,
The image of the Father.

O, Mother dear, thy faith sublime
Has surely conquered sin and time;
And victor now in cloudless clime
Thou shalt rejoice forever.

IN MEMORY OF T. E. P.

Blessed little baby,
Robed today in white,
Stainless as the snowflake
That falls on mountain height.

Thy tiny hands are folded
Across thy pulseless breast,
And nestling in the pillow
Thy head has found its rest.

Thy childish tongue is silent,
And hushed thy moans and cries,
Thy angel-smile has vanished,
And closed the darling eyes.

Sweet baby! art thou sleeping?
Or is thy spirit fled?
And do thy lips unmoving
But whisper thou art dead?

'Tis hard, thou sweetest cherub,
To give thee to the tomb,
But through it Jesus calls us
To heaven's immortal bloom.

IN MEMORIAM

During the winter we noticed a one-legged sparrow hopping around in the street and the yard picking up food. On the 13th day of January (Sunday), which every one will remember as one of the coldest and most inclement days of the season—a day to be remembered for its cutting cold and terrible rigor—this little cripple with a whole covey of his fellows, took refuge in the back porch of my house, sheltered from the blast. We presume they came for the double purpose, protection and food. We noticed little *one leg* in the crowd and then left them to the enjoyment of their meal. Again when we saw them our little fellow was on his back, gasping for breath, and all efforts to revive him proved unavailing. These lines were inspired by his death and are dedicated to Miss Adriana Bateman.—THOMAS E. POPE.

With only one leg a sparrow was found,
Busy with fellows inspecting the ground,
Looking for food, in the yard and the street,
Looking for shelter, from storm and from sleet.
One day when tempest held carnival high,
When the cold cut keen, and the wind swept by,
This wee little cripple, this emblem of woe,
This beggar for alms, in the rain and the snow,
Sought covert and warmth—this tiny outcast,
This shelterless child, this waif of the blast—
In nook of the porch, where kindness had laid,
Some crumbs from the kitchen, some morsels of
bread.

Oh, Life! how we covet the wonderful thing,
More priceless than gold, or the realms of a king,
Its minutes improved, will fit for the skies,
Its moments misspent, we shall miss of the prize.
The bird that scents danger and flies for its life,
To rock of the mountain, when the earthquake is
 rife,

Is the creature of instinct, and bows to the hand
That pinions the heavens and steadies the land.
The sparrow, constrained by the elements sore,
Begged food and refreshment and life at the door,
But all his poor efforts were destined to fail,
As his strength faded out on the breath of the gale;
Still gasping for breath, this mendicant poor
Was found all unconscious, his back to the floor,
When hands used to tenderness lifted his frame,
And tried to win backward the flickering flame.
Dear Chick-a-dee-dee, his sweet little song
Still lingers in memory the snow flakes among,
A blossom of childhood, the children still see
The poor little fellow out under the tree;
Little Chick has departed, his glory has fled,
His song, with its sweetness is silent and dead,
For this British marauder, the sparrow, has come
And stolen his birthright and rifled his home.
An arrant freebooter, courageous and bold,
Still challenges pity when he dies in the cold:
A type of old England, the royal and brave,
Who rides on the whirlwind and lives on the wave.

Then tenderly let us deposit his clay,
All his foibles forget, all his virtues display;
Let him rest in the grave, where his fellows have
gone,
To the land of forgetfulness silent and lone.

TO MARY

She died: the fair, the beautiful,
When all around was bright,
When summer birds were singing
Their anthems of delight;
When flowers were gaily blooming
And springing into birth,
And everything was redolent
Of happiness and mirth.

She died when skies were fairest
And sweetest to behold,
And Heaven's softest azure
In beauty was unrolled;
When orient skies gleamed brightly
In morning's beams arrayed,
And sunset skies blushed deeply
With golden tints inlaid.

When Love, the young magician,
With all his native art,
Was spreading round his meshes
To captivate the heart.
When Hope, the angel artist,
That paints the future bright,
Was singing his sweet promises
Within her bosom light.

Ah then, sweet, gentle Mary,
When life beat full and high,
Bowed to the summons to depart,
And laid her down to die.
A gleam of sky-born hope illumed
Her face in parting breath,
And with a soft, sweet smile of love,
She sank to sleep in death.

In yonder churchyard lonely
They made her lowly bed;
Beneath the willows weeping
In sorrow for the dead.
There, birds shall sing their sweetest
And softest lays of love;
And spring's first violets blossom
In loveliness above.

I know of places hallowed,
By tender ties, and soft;
Whose thrilling recollections
Vibrate through memory oft.
But ah, there's not on earthly ground
A spot so sweet to me,
As that where gentle Mary sleeps
Beneath the willow tree.

Frederick City, Md., January, 1852.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF
BROTHER'S DEATH, WHICH TOOK
PLACE ON THE FIFTH OF OCTOBER,
1857

When decrepit age is stricken by the hand of death, we may find some alleviation of the affliction in the reflection that they have filled their allotted time, and have fallen into the grave when the burden of years bore heavily upon them. But oh, how different when those are cut down who have just entered upon the threshold of life! How it lacerates the bosom, how it thrills the heart with anguish, to consign them to the tomb in the flower of their youth, in the bright morning of their existence!

“But Youth and Hope and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing true but Heaven.”

Farewell, may the sod rest lightly upon thy bosom, and the flowers of Spring blow sweetly upon thy grave; while thy happy spirit, freed from the cares and sufferings of life, is feasting upon the joys of an everlasting salvation.



ADDRESSED TO



TO MISS MATTIE: IN ACKNOWLEDG-
MENT OF HER WREATH*

Sweet flowers! mute types of a lovelier clime
Where the storms never come from the dark
 shores of time,
Where the bright eye of beauty ne'er dims with a
 tear,
And her soft cheek forever is blooming and fair.
Fair flowers! enwreathed in a circle complete,
A symbol, I trust, of the harmony sweet
That shall keep in a circle, unbroken and blest,
The states of Columbia, bright Star of the West!
Chaste flowers! May heaven's choice blessing and
 kind
Be hers, who so sweetly thy beauties entwined:
On earth may she have a pure union of love.
An earnest of union eternal above.
Frederick, November, 1860.

*On a wreath from M. M. R., at Union Procession, on
Tuesday night, November 5, 1860.

TO ONE: THAT MAGIC SMILE

There's magic in the sunny smile
That lightens o'er that face of thine,
And as I gaze, enrapt the while,
It seems to grow almost divine.
'Tis past: I cannot now behold
That winning smile so softly bright,
That often in the days of old
Has thrilled my bosom with delight.

But oft, amid life's jostling cares,
That sunny smile will come again,
And with the radiant light it bears
Dispel the gloom in sorrow's train,
Like some bright vision of the past
That lies enshrined in memory's vase,
That smile around my heart has cast
A charm that time cannot erase.
A talisman of hope and love,
A beacon in the stormy night,
That smile e'en points the way above
Where all is love and all is light.

LINES WRITTEN IN ROBBIE WEECH'S
ALBUM

Learn to tread the path in childhood,
Learn to walk it with delight;
'Twill lead thee to a glorious manhood,
And flush thy end with holy light.
This path—it is the path of Duty—
May not lead thee o'er beds of down,
Its sides may not be fringed with beauty,
This royal highway to a crown.
But keep the way, though toil and sorrow
May cast their shadows o'er the road,
For bye and bye, some glorious morrow
Will bring the end—the end is God!

WRITTEN IN MISS E. A.'S ALBUM, ON
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1861

Merry Christmas! What sweet associations cluster about the name! What thrilling memories start to life under the magic influences of the hallowed day! How the sweet, smiling faces of old friends appear before us again under the strange power of its talismanic touch. We live over again in imagination the sweet, bright days, when Father, Mother, sisters, and brothers were all gathered around the fireside; when old Santa Claus spread out all his tempting treasures before us, and when laughter, and song, and innocent hilarity smiled over a circle, held together by the golden chain of Love and unvisited by the hand of Death.

Sad memories, but incident to a life made up of lights and shadows, care and pleasure, joy and sadness.

I would fain hope that my fair young friend, though sorrow and sadness may sometimes be her portion, may always have a merry Christmas. May the day for her be ever brightened by the pure and sunny light that beams from the eyes of true friendship and love. May her declining

days be cheered by the holy radiance that catches its lustre from the religion of Him, whose advent into our world was announced by angels on Christmas morn, more than eighteen hundred years ago.



PERSONAL

A LIFE EXPERIENCE

I feel I'm getting older, the shadows longer grow,
And life has lost its freshness, its vigor, and its
glow:

The hills of morning, nimbly climbed, are hazy
in the East,
As down the slopes of sunset I journey to the West.

Oh, wondrous, subtle something, this human life
we know,

This web of light and shadow, of gladness and of
woe:

Ah, who would travel back from age to thread the
maze again,

And wage once more the dubious strife with
worldliness and sin?

Can we forget the tender loves enshrined in
memory's well,

The pure, unselfish friendships that linger like a
spell;

The myriad voices of our youth that trill their
songs anew,

The lullabies of happier years when cares and
sins were few:

The dear old home of childhood, though dimly
seen through tears,
Where all that's best we felt and knew within
the circling years;
Where Mother reigned without a peer, the love-
liest and the best,
And lured us with her holy song from weariness
to rest?

Who would exchange the precious thoughts that
cling around the hearth:
The priceless prayers of Mother, the holiest
things of earth,
Her deathless love, her saintly smile, her triumphs
at the cross,
For all the baubles of the world, its glitter and
its dross?

Ah, no, this life is what it is, unalterably so,
I would not live it o'er again, e'en if I this could do;
For if the monster, Death, unbars the pearly
gates of day,
Oh, who would linger in the gloom, or in the body
stay?

Sometimes my weary footsteps lag along the
toilsome road,
And heart and flesh are sorely tried to bear the
heavy load;

Yet in the grace that God supplies through His
eternal Son,
I'll gladly tread the pilgrim way till life's last day
is done.

Anon deep sorrows come to me along the travelled
vale,
And shadows take a deeper tint when cares and
doubts assail:
But, blessed Faith, God's chosen lamp, supplies
her steady ray
To cheer me in the solitude, and point the upward
way.

If twilight veils the valley, there's dawn beyond
the height;
If darkness gathers 'round me, the distant hills
grow bright:
See, now the light is breaking above the head-
lands fair,
The sweet immortal sunshine, the Beulah land is
there.

Dear home beyond the shadows, dear home be-
yond the tide,
Where life is ever blooming and summer songs
abide:
Jerusalem the golden—nor tear, nor sigh can
come
Within thy hallowed precincts—my soul's eternal
home.

RETROSPECTION

A retrospect at sixty-two,
Vouchsafed to some—God's chosen few—
Brings joy and comfort to the heart
If we have acted well our part.

We have no merit of our own,
It's all through grace, through grace alone,
And if we live a faithful life
He'll crown us victors in the strife.

We owe it all to Christ, our Lord,
Who shelters all that trust his word,
Who ever lives to save his own
And crown them on his royal throne.

Ah, wondrous thing, a life of faith!
Exultant thought, that Jesus saith,
"Come unto me, and ye shall live,
Come unto me for I'll forgive."

May God who led us safe thus far,
Be still our light and guiding star,
Till Jesus sweetly calls us "Come,"
To find our rest with him at home.

GENERAL



ACROSTIC

[Emma Jane Pope]

Evening comes with trailing shadows
Made of soft and sombre gray;
Mystic lights and solemn quavers,
All foretell the closing day.

Jewels sparkle in the fountain,
All unseen by mortal eye;
Night outstretching, hill and mountain
Enrobed in blackness fade and die.

Purple light bespeaks the dawning,
Opening day dispels the night,
Pristine glories robe the morning,
Emblems of eternal light.

LINES WRITTEN UPON TAKING DOWN
THE COURT HOUSE RAILING

The dear old Court House railing! and must it
really go?
Can nothing hold the vandal hand, or stay the
cruel blow?
Will not the pleasant memories that cluster
'round the place
Rise up in solemn protest against the deep
disgrace?
"Who cares for this?"—I hear one say—"the
dim and musty past
Is buried with its memories;"—the stern icono-
clast!—
"The day of progress now has come and down
must go the rails."
And out shall flash the noble Park, unless the
bazaar fails:
But with the ladies at the helm success looms up
apace,
The Park puts on her robe of light, her glory and
her grace.
Within her glorious precincts, her choicest, cosiest
spot,
I see the marble column rise to heroes unforgot.

Then, Colonel John, don't get the jerks because
the boys in blue
Propose to raise a marble shaft to comrades tried
and true.
There is no fitter, better place in all the town
beside
To rear a graceful monument to these, Our
Country's Pride.
Then, when the gallant soldier boys have raised
their marble shaft,
They will not care if Bowlus bold, or any of his
craft,
Should in the sacred precincts, a little corner pick,
In which to rear a statue to pretty little Vic.
He'd make a handsome figure in that dress so
fine and gay.
Which he flourished when the Carroll Guards
stept out in bold array.
And for a little background the pay-boat and its
crew
Upon the angry-waved Canal would be unique
and new.
And, if you please, in miniature, a print of
Bowlus' face
Might ornament this masterpiece, 'twould just
be in its place.
And then the Park would surely bloom, the
boodle surely flow.
But all the same the people dear must pay the
bill, you know.

CHRISTMAS RECITATION

Welcome old Santa Claus, grizzly and mellow,
A trusty, and faithful, and good natured fellow!
He comes once a year from the regions of ice,
And brings to the little ones everything nice.
He darts up the hill, and scoots down the valley,
He climbs o'er the wall, and runs down the alley.
I really can't see how he carries his pack
As down the old chimney he goes with a *whack!*
Old Santa is smart and works like a beaver,
Or how could he get such nice things together?
But how he can make just enough to go 'round
Is a secret, I tell you, I never have found.

TO THE HEROES OF THE PARK

In every age great men arise,
Who crown their days with enterprise;
At every turn they leave their mark,
With here a statue, there a park.
Some men have made their lives sublime
And left their impress on all time,
And future ages still shall claim
An interest in their matchless fame;
In epic tale and lyric lay
Their names and deeds shall live for aye
And history's muse with vestal care
Shall keep alive their memory dear.
This age, when shoddy fills the land
And fraud and brass go hand in hand,
And arrant shams their hobbies ride
To draw the groundlings to their side;
E'en in this day of greed and pelf,
When men but live to pamper self,
Some noble heroes still arise
Who give their lives to sacrifice.
Some men of this imperial race,
Vouchsafed to Frederick—lucky place—
Seem likely to attain the goal

And carve their names on honor's scroll.
These worthies of our classic town,
With princely and esthetic frown,
Have in their noble hearts decreed
For Court House rails we have no need.
"Pull down the rails" they glibly cry,
"A park, a park," the pack reply,
And statues fine and fountains fair
And walks artistic, flowers rare,
Shall make this spot an Eden home
Where all that choose may freely come,
And sit and think, and sweetly tell
The way the Court House railings fell.
But ah! there's one essential yet
To make complete the coronet,
That ever waits to crown the brow
Of deathless heroes here below.
Oh! doughty knights do not abate
Your efforts in a work so great,
Rise to the height, the glorious height,
By shelling out your shekels bright.
Now warriors of the mystic park
'Twill never do to miss your mark;
Retreat inglorious from the field
Will bring disgrace upon your shield.
To beg for funds the country through
Is not the way that heroes do.
Then open now your purse-strings tight,
And let your ducats see the light.

A deed like this, heroic, bold,
Will show like knightly men of old,
And just as sure as fame endures,
An immortality is yours.

SIC TRANSIT.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Merry Christmas! childhood sprightly
Smiles thee welcome as of yore;
Cottage rude and palace sightly
Open wide to thee their door.

Where'er they read the thrilling story
Of a lowly Saviour's birth,
Of his manger, death and glory,
There they'll take thee to their hearth.

Christmas! mem'ries sad and golden,
Soft as summer evening's ray,
Of the scenes and faces olden,
Cluster round thy hallow'd day.

Mem'ries of old friends and loving,
Who have flitted like a dream,
O'er the tide forever moving
To death's dark and mystic stream.

Thoughts of sister and of brother,
And our pure, unclouded glee,
As dear father and fond mother
Pointed out the Christmas tree.

Methinks I see that smile of pleasure
Lighting mother's face once more,
As she shares us out the treasure
From old Santa Claus's store.

Back through years of joy and sadness
Comes that gentle voice again,
Telling of that tale of gladness,
Told on blest Judea's plain;

When an angel throng appearing,
Radiant with celestial light,
Sang to shepherds wond'ring, fearing,
Watching o'er their flocks by night.

"Fear ye not, for down from heaven,
Lo! we bring good news and dear,
Peace on earth, good will be given
To all people, far and near."

Thought of sorrow, sad reflection,
That sweet smile is fled away,
And that voice of deep affection,
Hushed in death this Christmas day.

Thus these thoughts of friends departed,
'Shrined in gentle mem'ry's urn,
From their dreamy sleep have started
At the sound of thy return.

Other hearts elastic, glowing,
Meet thee with a pure delight,
Without a sad remembrance, knowing
Thou hast for them but joy and light.

But sad or gladsome the emotion
Which thou bringest to the breast,
The hearts that own a true devotion,
Will greet thee as a welcome guest.

Frederick, Md.

TWILIGHT HOUR

How sweet at twilight hour,
 When dew's are falling fast,
To seek some quiet bower
 To muse upon the past.
When stars by one come peeping
 From out their home above,
How magic memory, leaping,
 Reverts to those we love.

ADIEU TO HOME AND FRIENDS

The sad, the mournful hour has come
When we must say farewell
To all the tender ties of home,
And friends we love so well.
How throbs the loving, aching heart
To leave these scenes so dear,
How fill the eyes with tears to part
From all we cherish here.

What thrilling recollections throng
About the memory now:
The friends of youth, the treasured song
We early learned to know,
The cherished haunts of other days,
Come o'er the mind once more,
And friends we loved in smiles and tears,
Beam on us as of yore.

One moment more we'll linger yet,
And then a last good-bye
To scenes we never can forget,
And will not till we die.
A last adieu! how sad the sound—
It falls upon the ear
Like mournful winds that sigh around
In winter, cold and drear.

We've had the last fond lingering look,
The parting scene is o'er,
But now the thought I can not brook,
That we shall meet no more.
Bright hope comes in, and softly sweet
She whispers in our ear,
"Though parted now you all may meet
With joy without a fear."

July, 1855.

GOD BLESS YOU

God bless you, darling, when the morn
Shames far away the mists of night,
And trails above the rip'ning corn
Her gorgeous glory-robcs of light.

God bless you when the regal sun
Sits throned in majesty on high,
And swift his fiery coursers run
Adown the arches of the sky.

God bless you when the sunset tints
Hang from the battlements of heaven,
And day a last, warm kiss imprints
Upon the gentle brow of even.

God bless you in calm midnight's hours,
When Luna walks among her stars,
And stars on earth their radiance shower
In countless, slender, silver spars.

God bless you, may your sleep be sweet
And fraught with bright and peaceful
dreams,
And, waking, may your youthful feet
Tread 'mid Love's flowers by crystal
streams.

God bless you, guard you ever more,
And keep you in the path of truth,
Which leads to that fair sinless shore
Where flows the living fount of youth.







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